When what is done is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
Where now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely clasping with your childe,
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed
Antioch farewell, for wisedome sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne [I know] another doth prouoke:
Murders as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antioch* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard* you are of our Chamber,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulnesse
We will aduance you *Thaiard*;

Behold,

Behold, heer's po[ison and h
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*,
It fits thee not to aske the re
Because we bid it: say is it
Thal. My Lord, 'tis don

Enter

Ant. Enough. Let your
haste.

Mess. My Lord Prince
Ant. As thou wilt liue fl
a well experient Archer hitts
do thou neuer returne, vnle
Thal. My Lord, if I can
make him sure enough: so
Ant. Thaliard adieu, till
My heart can lend no succo

Enter Pericle

Per. Let none disturbe v
Why should this change of
The sad companion dull-e
By me so vsed, a guest as
In the dayes glorious walke
The toombe where griefe s
Here pleasures court mine
And danger which I feard,
Whose arme seemes farre t
Yet neuer pleasures art can
Nor yet the other distance
Then it is thus, that passions
That hane their first concep
Haue after nourishment an
And what was first but fea
Growes elder now, and car
And so with me; the grear
Gainst whom I am to little